

WOODED BY
A PAUPER

They made the curve of the fence and came upon what was called the carriage entrance, from the fact of the road broadening at the place and allowing a vehicle to turn which could not turn in other parts of the drive. As they turned the corner Stella started.

"What is that?" she said, raising her hand and pointing to something black and square, which stood close against the round, unshaded moon.

"It's a carriage. It's all right," replied the man. "Mr. Fenton is waiting."

She drew back and took her guide with a keen, piercing doubtful look.

"We are carrying the man," she said.

"I do not believe it. I will go no further," she drew back with a gesture of determination.

"You must speak so loud," exclaimed the man, sliding to her, with a slender smile.

"Do you not wish to alarm the neighborhood and call it to find you here? Come you must come. I have no time to waste. I dare not go back to Mr. Fenton; but pay me pretty severely for such a mistake."

"I will not go. I will not go. Go to Mr. Fenton and tell him that I have gone back and—that that I came not."

She turned as she spoke and gathered to her arms around her, her hands evidently divining her intention, springing adroitly upon her, and, taking her, she started to the carriage and half dragged her to the carriage—skillfully twisting her cloak around her face so he could not see it was she who had to shriek or call for assistance. But Stella was strong for a woman, strong for a woman given to a life of credit for being, and she struggled as fiercely as by the time he had gained her with a fierce determination to see that she had succeeded in uncovering her mouth, and raising her voice to the utmost.

Before the echo had died away a figure darted from out of the hedge and across the lawn, and then across the ground. Stella being dragged down in his fall.

The prostrate man could, in spite of his feeble strength, pull himself up by his breast and held his hands over his eyes.

She lay sprawling in every limb, and while the snow, sprang to her head and shoulders, she struggled with a deadly faintness which rapidly threatened to overcome her.

As she lay in a swoon on the ground, the man, who had no opportunity to arrive to succor her, lay beside her, his eyes closed.

"What are you doing with that lady? What are you doing with that lady?" was the cry of the voice still ringing forward.

"Sir Richard Wildfang," she exclaimed.

"Miss Newton?" was the astonished exclamation. "Can I believe my senses? How am I in this ridiculous place?"

As he spoke he turned his head and struck the prostrate man with his fist.

Stella pressed both her hands upon the eyes of the man, who lay like a dead reed shaken in the wind.

"Don't look me! I implore you—humble me!"

Sir Richard awoke, still keeping his hand upon the arm of the ruffian, now made to stand, and struck the prostrate man with a firm expression of mingled pain and regret.

Then he bowed silently and turned to the prostrate man.

"At least we will unmaketh this ruffian. You will permit me to do that?"

Stella made a gesture of assent with her hand.

Sir Richard struck the ear of the man, who uttered only a faint groan, the force which covered the lower part of his face and revealed the features of Stephen Hargrave.

Stella uttered a cry of despair.

Sir Richard fell back, with a look of mingled pain and regret.

"Stephen Hargrave," he said. "Mr. Louis Fenton's servant!"

Stella still clasped the carriage and covered her eyes with her hands.

Both the men knew that she was right.

Sir Richard grasped the man by the arm and dragged him into the full moonlight.

"No," he exclaimed, his voice thick with indignant rage, "you shall not escape your punishment—though this may be the last time I shall be hard on you. Answer me. You answer me!"

As he shook him, so he would have a dog. Stephen Hargrave submitted with a dogged mien.

"What?" he said, "What is the matter of this? You are only a fool, I feel assured. Speak, or I'll choke you, ruffian!"

Stephen Hargrave hung his head and glanced sideways at Stella.

Sir Richard was also looking that way. Stephen Hargrave waited until he saw that she was listening, with stricken countenance, with fearful face that said nothing.

"That will do, Sir Richard. You don't want to chase me, and let me go. I am a fool. I am a slave. I've my living to get, and don't when I'm trying to get it. I'm not fit for it, isn't I obliged to do it?"

"Quick!" said Sir Richard, sternly. "What ordered me but my master, Fenton?"

Stephen Hargrave did not reply.

"That's fair. It must be," he said, in a broken voice.

"I cannot believe in justice."

"Then what is to Stella? I have a son for you—for your own wife, and each—each to answer me. Did Mr. Fenton

make this appointment—ask you to meet him here?"

Stella inclined her head and covered her eyes with her hands.

Sir Richard sighed.

"Base, we scoundrel, to take advantage of your trouble!"

"Who would suffer you to be thus insulted; hire a ruffian like this to do it?"

"If overwhelmed with rage and indignation, Sir Richard turned every his head and groaned.

The man, who was in doubt as to the gravity of the crime which was imputed to her master, opened his eyes and gazed at Stella, in Stephen's arm, cried in agonized accents:

"No, not there must be some mistake. I do not believe it. I will go no further," she drew back with a gesture of determination.

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"Times have changed for the better. The world is a better place. Life is no longer a struggle. I don't know what it is that there are four affinities in this apartment whose children take music lessons—McKays' children."

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Substitutes for Fur



Fur Cloth on Blue Broadcloth

A Green Cutaway Walking Suit

Of Black Chiffon Caracul Cloth

THE luxury of fur is one that all women cannot enjoy. Clever manufacturers have long appreciated this fact, and this year have offered excellent substitutes for fur, so well woven and so beautifully like the real thing that the eye is deceived and certainly the pocketbook is relieved. Fur cloths are now available. They are wide, and therefore can be cut to advantage; they are in all weights, from heavy, warm cloths that resemble fur itself to light chiffon fur cloths that can be draped, tucked, pleated and fitted over the figure with the effect of broadcloth and the surface of fur. A favorite fur cloth that is new and is excellent for costumes is satin mohair. This has a long nap like that of sibeline and a glistening surface of fur with a durability of mohair. Caracul cloths are in great demand; seal cloth, moleskin cloth, imitation bearskin and all other excellent simulations of fur are in readiness for the days that are still in the winter calendar but have a warm glow. The substitutes for fur are marshaled before you for your inspection.

An entire suit is of black caracul cloth. It has a fine weave and is of a chiffon weight, and therefore drapes effectively in the cape coat that can be worn with a plain cloth one-piece dress if you wish a change from the costume here shown. The skirt of this dress is of the caracul cloth and has a tunic—that is, an apron tunic—shorted at the back than in front.

A separate coat of three-quarter length in black caracul cloth is a practical expression of the fur substitute. With an interlining and satin lining that has pockets, this is a comfortable coat that need fear no moths and has an attractive price on the tag. There is a fur collar at the top, which makes the fur effect doubly sure. Long sleeves promise protection and warmth.

On a dark blue cloth there is a blue fur cloth used as trimming in narrow stripes across the military front and as cuffs and collar. At the bottom of the coat is a broad band, that edges it and which is seemingly held under straps of cloth. The double tunic of cloth on the skirt falls over a broad band of fur cloth. The effect is stunning and inexpensive. It can be added to any cloth suit.

A touch of real fur is given to the cutaway suit of caracul cloth in rich green. Fitch at the collar and cuffs gives a bright contrast and a

Bands of Seal Cloth on Gold Tulle

A Separate Coat Trimmed with Fur

smart finish for the jacket. There is a square tail at the back and a short bolero line at the front. The skirt drops in a plain, straight line.

On the afternoon gown of gold net there is used a substitute for sealskin. This is seal cloth in the exact shade of brown of the fur and the pile of the cloth is a close imitation of the fur. This cloth is placed in a straight band around the bodice, which is made of rows of lace and banding under the gold net. The sleeves are long and the top of the bodice is cut in a point that makes the dress undoubtedly an afternoon gown. The long tunic drops down, and under the edge is a band of seal cloth that is attached to the underlattice.

All shades in the fur cloths are now to be had. They come in bright colors for costumes and wraps. They have departed from the natural shades of the peltry that they imitate and are a decided addition to the fabric department of fashion. There are other substitutes for fur. Marabout, ostrich in close-clipped bands and feathers are used to take the place of fur. Lighter in weight, just as warm and less expensive, they will appeal to the world of style. It is for you to take advantage of the opportunity that is proffered to you by clever makers.

